

### Choice Poetry.

#### THE FALL CRICKET.

BY REV. T. H. HARRIS.

Two little gray wings  
Flicking a tiny sound;  
A mournful voice that sings  
Of earth's departing things,  
How low the dead are found.

When twilight, cool and gray,  
Gleams o'er the purple hills,  
That lone, melodious lay,  
From near or far away,  
The brooding silence thrills.

From yonder hillside here,  
Paint in its sunset glow,  
From pasture far or near,  
And from the lonely shore,  
That hushless voice goes by.

Centuries and centuries—  
A thousand years ago,  
As ere in any land,  
Waved marionettes of fate,  
Or great Columbus came.

A sad, complaining sound,  
To no one's ear it came,  
How man in yonder crowd,  
How man in yonder lane,  
How all things pass away!

The youth is in the tomb;  
That pleasant dream is o'er;  
To give its strength to youth,  
For these its roses bloom,  
No more, no more, no more.

Gone is the young life;  
That ever sang and sung,  
Making the night more bright,  
Making a starry gleam,  
End in a Summer day.

Gone, grave, a world of graves!  
I cannot walk or stand;  
Graves where the sunbeams play,  
The woods, and where the waves  
Roll on the lonely strand.

Graves in the grassy dell,  
Sadder within the soil,  
A woman in the air,  
A heart's midnight cry,  
Making a deep, dull toll.

In the east and west,  
The weary graves of love;  
A lonely heart's despair,  
A heart's midnight cry,  
Making a deep, dull toll.

Dear eyes, sweet faces lean  
Across the grassy sod,  
Across the grassy sod,  
Across the grassy sod,  
Across the grassy sod.

So, in the haunted night,  
The singer sings and sings,  
While all the hills are bright,  
While all the hills are bright,  
While all the hills are bright.

### Select Story.

#### MR. WOODBRIDGE'S INVESTMENT.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

The fiery crimson of the stormy November  
sunset was staining all the hills with its lurid  
glare—the wind, mingling with the falling rain,  
seemed to moan with an almost human voice.

But the autumnal melancholy without, only  
served to heighten the cheeriness of the  
roaring wood fire whose ruddy glow danced  
and quivered over the rough log of Farmer  
Woodbridge's spacious old kitchen, sparkling  
brass, and sending a long stream of radiance  
through the uncurtained windows out upon the  
darkening road.

"Yes, as I was saying," observed the old  
farmer, rubbing his full-handled hands together,  
and gazing thoughtfully into the fire, "it has  
been a capital harvest, this year. I wouldn't  
ask for a better. So, wife, you just pick out  
some of them yellow pippins and send them into  
Jesse's little back parlour for him."

"Won't the little red 'uns do as well?" I  
called to keep them pippins for market. Squire  
Benson says they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"This is the Eldon road," said Jesse, all unconscious that the last gleam of the fading day  
were lighting up her fair, innocent face with an  
almost angelic beauty, as she stood there among  
the thick foliage of the vine.

"And can you tell me the shortest foot-path to  
Hardwick Hall? I have not been in this neighbor-  
hood since I was a little child, and I am com-  
pletely at fault."

Jesse hesitated a moment. "I could show you  
better than I can tell you, for it is rather a com-  
plicated road," she said; "and if you will accept  
my services as guide, it will not be much out  
of my way."

"I shall feel very much honored," said the  
stranger. "Meantime, let me carry your basket."  
It was a wild and lovely walk, winding among  
moss-gardened trees and hollows, sweet with  
the aromatic incense of dying leaves. Jesse  
could not help admiring the chivalric manners  
and polished courtesy of her companion, and he  
was more than pleased with the blooming love-  
liness and girlish dignity of his young guide. A  
few adroit questions respecting Hardwick Hall  
and its neighborhood, sufficed to draw from Jesse  
a spirited abstract of the character of the  
hardwick agent, and the roadmaster was  
wont to practice upon the tenants and neighbors  
as well as an arch description of most of the  
"characters" thereabouts. Then he continued  
to learn all about Jesse's little school, his  
beloved mother, and he smiled to himself, in the  
twilight, to observe the pride of her, when she  
was alluded to in high position from which un-  
forseen reverses had compelled her mother to  
descend.

"Then," she said, suddenly pausing, with a  
feeling of awe, "I have been almost too  
captive, if we could only cross yonder lawn, the  
grasses are close by; but we shall have to go a  
quarter of a mile out of the way, for a mere  
whim."

"Why?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Talbot will not allow travellers to cross  
here—he says it is private property."

"But, fancy! I shall show the Talbot's wrath,"  
said the gentleman, laughing, as he pushed open  
the wire gate that defended the forbidden space.

"It is perfectly absurd to make people go a  
quarter of a mile out of the way, for a mere  
whim."

"They had scarcely entered the enclosure, when  
an unlooked-for object presented itself in the  
shape of the redoubtable Talbot himself, who  
was prowling over the grounds, on the quiet  
rise of his eyebrows.

"Hallo! here you are!" "Just turn back  
if you please. This isn't the public thorough-  
fare."

The stranger held Jesse's arm under his own  
a little tighter, as if to repress her evident in-  
clination to "beat a retreat." He was disposed to  
maintain his position.

"I don't see any reasonable cause why we  
shouldn't go ahead," he said, pertinaciously.

"There is a path here, and I suppose it was  
made by the Talbot's father."

"Not for you," said the agent, contemptuously.  
"No go back as fast as you can."

"Is it possible that people are made to travel  
a circuitous and tedious way, for no other  
reason than that your caprice?"

The gentleman, looking down at the shrivelled  
little man, from the attitude of his six feet, with  
a look of laughing scorn, said to himself, "What  
my friend, that other had rights and con-  
veniences as well as myself!"

"I don't see anything to quarrel with," he  
snarled the agent, planting himself obstinately  
in the path. "I forbid all passing here."

"But I suppose Mr. Everard Hardwick may  
have let the agent in, and the agent may have  
permitted the stranger, still presenting the half-  
contemptuous smile that had from the begin-  
ning, to be the interpreter made the agent so uncom-  
fortable."

Talbot growled, not exactly pale, but yellow  
with consternation.

"Can't you help it, sir? I did not know—we did  
not expect—"

"No—I know you didn't, my good man. Be so  
kind as to tell me, and I will pass with you."

"I don't see how I can do that, sir. I wouldn't  
ask for a better. So, wife, you just pick out  
some of them yellow pippins and send them into  
Jesse's little back parlour for him."

"Won't the little red 'uns do as well?" I  
called to keep them pippins for market. Squire  
Benson says they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

"I don't care how much they're worth," interrupted  
the farmer, with a face puffed with indignation,  
"but you'd better keep them for your own use. You  
know how much they're worth, in town—"

### Miscellany.

#### PRairie Fires.

The autumn fire begins to blight.  
The leaves are falling from the trees;  
The grass is yellow and the ground is dry;  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

The birds are gone; the child will groan  
And mourn the grass of the prairie;  
The flowers are dead and the ground is dry;  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Not even a spark has fallen there,  
A single leaf of the prairie;  
The flowers are dead and the ground is dry;  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Now, farmers, guard your harvest grain;  
The flames are wilder, fiercer growing;  
And, urging on the fiery train,  
The wind is cold and the air is clear.

Another stone of the same sort stands near the  
above, with the following inscription:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is  
peculiar:  
Here lies the body of  
George Washington, who died at Washington,  
on the 14th day of September, 1799.  
Aged 67 years, 10 months, 11 days.

Another epitaph in the same neighborhood is